Rescue Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52691194.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Bad First Date, Unwelcome Attention, Hannibal Lecter Saves Will Graham, Jealous Hannibal Lecter, New Year's Kiss, First Kiss, First Time, Marathon Sex, switch - Freeform, Blow Jobs, Horniness, Clothed Sex, Massage, Ass to Mouth, Anal Sex, Marking, cum tasting, Sad Will Graham, No beta we die like the rude
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-31 Words: 4,810 Chapters: 1/1

Rescue Me

by ElizaD

Summary

Will is on a dreadful date and begs Hannibal to save him from the social expected midnight kiss. Hannibal obliges and confesses how long he has wanted Will in bed. Sexy times follow.

Notes

The last of this years new year fics, almost certainly the last fic of the year. I'll be picking up my works in progress after dinner as I have no New Year plans :(. But I do have a blanket comprised entirely of Daddy Mads's gorgeous face. Christmas is great.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will slunk low in his chair. He had promised himself he would go on one date this year, but didn't, so with five days left he accepted Beverly's long-standing offer to set him up with a date for New Year's Eve. One resolution fulfilled.

The restaurant was great, not overly crowded despite being fully booked, the live music was enjoyable but not intrusive and the lingering Christmas decorations were tasteful. The special menu was delicious and there was a pleasant buzz in the air. Every table held a couple and at midnight everyone would have a glass of champagne and someone to kiss. Will was dreading it.

Matt, the guy she set him up with wasn't bad, blonde, muscular, conventionally handsome and easy going. A great date. If he was frustrated by Will's monosyllabic conversation he didn't show it but continued asking him questions about himself and generally being good company. Will was miserable. He wasn't even sure why but he couldn't summon any kind of feelings or opinion on him, all he felt was ambivalence.

He was feeling less and less now, even crime scenes didn't cause the horror they used to. He felt no more looking at wrecked bodies than he did watching paint dry. There was a distant spark of something good when he was with his dogs but it wasn't happiness. Will wasn't even sure if he remembered what happiness felt like. It was the cost of helping people, saving lives, but even that didn't feel good anymore.

"How's your food?" Matt asked, trying his best to form some sort of connection.

"Good, thanks," Will answered quietly. Something warm prickled on the back of his neck and he turned to see a familiar face watching him from a few tables away. The only table with a single occupant. Hannibal's face was passive but Will felt his body grow warmer when he met his intense gaze. Hannibal inclined his head politely before his gaze slid to Matt and he raised an eyebrow. Will shifted awkwardly and when Hannibal dropped his gaze to his menu he turned back to his date, now distracted and uncomfortable.

The night carried on, both dragging and moving way too fast. Leaving now would be like announcing to everyone that they were on a hideous date. It was worse than hideous, it was flat and Will was not at all excited about a boring quick kiss at midnight because it was expected.

After several minutes of feeling scrutinised Will excused himself and headed to the bathroom, pausing in the doorway long enough to catch Hannibal's eye and hold it for a second too long. The bathroom was cool and empty and Will took several deep breaths. He smiled when Hannibal arrived a moment later, having understood his signal. “Good evening Will.”

“It's not,” Will responded, smile falling away.

“Bad date?” He asked.

“I don't know if I have the energy to make polite conversation for another,” he glanced at the clock “thirty minutes. Help me?”

“How do you propose I do that?” Hannibal asked.

“I don't know,” Will said, looking at his shoes.

“What is so objectionable about your dining companion?” Hannibal asked.

“Nothing, he's nice,” Will admitted.

“Nice?” Hannibal repeated. “There are worse qualities.”

“I really don't want to kiss him,” he said.

“Is there a reason you feel you have to?” Hannibal asked. Will had the uneasy feeling that he was finding the situation amusing.

“Social expectations,” Will shrugged.

“You don't believe he is as eager to avoid the situation as you are?” Will shook his head, hoping Hannibal would tell him he was misreading the situation and Matt was clearly dying to leave. “You are correct. You two are the most entertaining couple to observe and he seems to find you most interesting. He cannot seem to keep his eyes off your lips.”

“I've not said more than twenty words to him,” Will grumbled.

“Very mysterious,” Hannibal remarked, unable to keep his mouth from twitching in amusement. “Sexy.”

Will didn't respond immediately, something about the way Hannibal's accent carried the word triggered a pool of heat inside him. “This isn't funny,” he whined. “Why won't you help me?”

“If you wish to discuss why the situation is so upsetting for you we can do so on Thursday but I'm not sure what you are hoping for. It is not my place as your therapist to rescue you from the attention of a ‘nice’ man,” Will was ready to stamp his foot in frustration.

“Then help me as my friend,” he asked. “Please?”

Hannibal smiled benevolently. “Yes I am your friend,” he said. “Is it the prospect of continuing the date or the expected kiss that has you so distressed?”

Will wasn't crazy about the idea of making more awkward conversation while eating chocolate lava cake. He hadn't missed the direction of Matt's blue eyes and there was really no way of eating the melted mess without looking flirtatious. But he could endure it if he was protected from any physical content, just the thought of being touched made his skin crawl. “The kiss.”

“Can you tolerate his company if I promise to rescue you from kissing him?” He asked, eyes twinkling in a way that had Will's stomach tumbling though he couldn’t tell if it was nerves

or excitement. Hannibal stepped forward, a little closer than needed, and pushed a loose curl away from Will's forehead, not quite touching his skin. “Go back to your table and enjoy your dessert. Trust me to intervene,” he instructed.

Will nodded mutely and walked on unsteady feet back to his table. He tried to figure out what had him so thrown, he had gotten what he wanted. It wasn't until Matt commented that he was rather flushed that it fell into place. The only time he felt anything was when Hannibal was close by.

The minutes ticked by and Will waited for Hannibal to do something. Matt's fingers began wandering to his, flirting more openly. Hannibal had still done nothing when staff began to hand out glasses of champagne and guests were encouraged to stand for the countdown.

Once everyone was standing the radio was blasted over the sound system with one minute left before the new year. Matt beamed at him, boldly taking his hand and Will tried to force a polite smile to his face, aware that it looked more like a grimace.

“TEN! NINE! EIGHT!”

Hannibal, help me.

“ SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!”

You promised.

“ FOUR! THREE! TWO!”

Please.

“ONE! HAPPY NEW YEAR!”

Will's knees were shaking as his date stepped closer. Suddenly a firm arm wrapped around his waist and pulled him away, turning him so his back was to his charming dinner companion. He barely had time to steady himself before warm soft lips landed on his, stealing his breath.

Feelings rushed through him and his hands automatically grabbed Hannibal's shoulders for support. Joy exploded inside him along with white hot lust and an icicle of fear at the mad thought they could be parted. He pressed closer to Hannibal's warm heavy body, lips parting under his with a moan of longing. His body felt light as a feather and Hannibal strong arms were the only thing keeping him grounded. He forgot everything that was happening around him, content to continue kissing Hannibal forever.

When they finally parted, Will's vision was blurred. The strung up twinkle lights shone like stars, sparkling in Hannibal's dark eyes as he smiled at Will, fingers lightly trailing over his face. “My apologies for the poor timing,” he said, glancing at the man who stood awkwardly behind him.

Will blushed furiously and sheepishly turned his head, trying to force himself to stop smiling. Matt shrugged with a dismissive hand gesture. “No problem, I always hated being second choice,” he answered, managing a small smile. “Best of luck to you.”

“Thank you, do you have a card?” Hannibal asked smoothly. Matt nodded and handed over his card.

Personal trainer, specialising in injury recovery.

Hannibal nodded his thanks and slipped it into his pocket, keeping his arms firm around Will as the handsome man left the restaurant.

Will peeked up at Hannibal, still flushed and smiling. “Thank y-” the words were cut off by Hannibal's lips landing on his again. It was slower than before, gentle and sweet and the feeling of Hannibal's lips smiling against his made his heart beat faster.

Hannibal's lips trailed along his jaw, nose brushing along his cheek bone until his lips were a breath away from Will's, a low moan vibrating gently against his lobe. “I would like to take you to my home and make love to you all night and for many more nights to come,” he purred into Will’s ear, voice soft and sincere.

Will could barely breathe when Hannibal drew back, a brief glimmer of insecurity in his scarlet eyes as he waited for Will's answer. Not trusting himself to speak, Will nodded eagerly and laced his fingers with Hannibal's. After another heated kiss he dragged Will from the restaurant to his car outside.

As Hannibal drove through the night Will stared at him with starry eyes. “I'm kind of in shock,” he admitted softly. “Are you?”

“No,” Hannibal admitted. “I've been wanting to kiss you for a very long time.”

“You have?” He asked, eyes wide.

“More than I can possibly say,” Hannibal responded. “You have no idea how jealous I was tonight,” his hand slid up Will's inner thigh, stopping a couple of inches from his thickening dick. “I don't know if I will feel at peace until I am buried inside you,” he said bluntly, lips curved in a dark smile.

“Pull over,” Will pleaded. “I can't wait.”

Hannibal huffed out a soft chuckle and gripped Will's hand. “I have waited for months, you can wait until I can have you in my bed,” he brought Will's knuckles to his lips for a gentlemanly kiss, darting out his tongue to taste his skin. Will leaned against him as they moved closer to Hannibal's home, his face turned into Hannibal's neck, inhaling his scent. Hannibal was pushing the speed limit, as desperate to get home as Will was, excitement buzzing under his skin.

Hannibal's hands were shaking as he tried to unlock the door as Will nibbled on his ear playfully. They stumbled into the house, embracing before the door even shut. Hannibal

kicked the door shut and lifted Will into his arms, carrying him to his room, pausing only to turn on the light.

They managed to discard their coats and jackets on the way but were still mostly clothed when Hannibal dropped Will onto his four poster bed. He didn't even pause to remove his shoes before crawling above him, undoing Will flies to free his erection.

Hannibal thrust two fingers into Will's mouth, pressing down on his tongue as his other hand ripped open the bedside drawer, blindly scrambling for lubricant and a condom as Will eagerly sucked on his fingers. When he tugged back his fingers Will whined in annoyance, Hannibal silenced him with a kiss as he yanked down Will's trousers and boxers until they bunched around his knees.

He probed Will's hole with his soaked digits as he scrambled to release his thick heavy erection, sighing in relief when it finally sprung free. Will sucked in a shuddering breath as his finger slid past the tight ring of muscles. Hannibal drew back long enough to coat his fingers in the warning gel, smearing the gel around the puckered skin surrounding his hole before thrusting in two fingers. Will let out a rough sound between a cry and a snarl but his arms tightened in Hannibal's hair and he rocked his ass upwards begging for more. He located Will's prostate easily, stimulating the sensitive bundle of nerves. “More, now,” Will demanded hoarsely. Hannibal drew back and hurriedly slid the rubber along his length, moaning as Will sucked faint red marks on his neck.

Hannibal's hand slid under Will's crisp white shirt, gripping his waist tightly as he guided his throbbing tip to Will's quivering hole. He let out a long low moan as he slid inside, the vibrating sound rumbling through them both. Will wrapped a hand around Hannibal's tie, holding him close as they desperately screwed, sweat soaking through their formal clothes. It didn't take long for Will to reach his peak, his vision going white at the edges as he gasped for breath.

Too soon. Too soon.

He clenched his eyes shut, tears building behind his lids as he tried to hold back. He needed it not to end more than he needed to come. The warmth of his orgasm spread from the tight coil of heat in his centre, throughout his limbs until his whole body was vibrating on the edge of ecstasy. Hannibal bent low over him and the shell of his ear with his tongue. “Will,” he

breathed into his ear. The reverence in his tone mixed with burning want was the most erotic thing Will had ever experienced. With a high pitched cry he came, a few tears slipping free.

Hannibal licked the fat salty tears from his burning cheeks with a hum of appreciation. His thrusts became clumsy as he chased his own orgasm, driving deeply into Will over and over again. He buried his face in the crook of Will's neck when he climaxed, lapping at the sweat coating his hot skin. He collapsed on top of Will, bodies warm and loose. Unable to hold his weight, he fell to side hissing as he slipped out of Will's warm body.

With a lazy smile, Will undid Hannibal's silken tie with shaky hands. Exchanging soft kisses and quiet smiles they undressed each other unhurriedly, discarding the soiled clothes on the floor. “Should I turn off the light?” Will asked.

“No,” Hannibal responded. “I did say all night and I enjoy looking at you,” he added, nipping at Will's lower lip with his teeth. Will laughed and curled his body around Hannibal's rocking his hips against his thigh, dick already growing hard again. “Impressive recovery time,” he praised, turning to face Will, hands grabbing at his ass.

Will stretched out his body, wrapping his limbs around Hannibal and kissing him deeply. “I wanna fuck you,” he said, drawing back. “If you're good with that?”

“Very good, darling,” Hannibal agreed. “Switch. You still surprise me constantly,” he said with a grin, rolling Will onto his back and settling above him.

“I love being fucked by you but I'd like to be inside you too. I'm easy,” he said with a dirty smirk.

“I can assure you, that is not true,” Hannibal purred, hands roaming over the firm muscles of Will's chest.

“You could have made a move,” Will suggested, raising an eyebrow. “You could have had me in your office weeks ago,” he informed him.

“I wanted you in Jack's office the moment I saw you, trying so hard to hide those lovely eyes from me,” he said fondly. Will blushed and ducked his head shyly. Hannibal tilted his chin upwards. “None of that, my love,” Will smiled and yanked Hannibal into a kiss, grinning against his lips.

Hannibal drew back first and shuffled his way down Will's body, licking his lips in desire when he was face to face with Will's erection. He licked the length from base to tip, swirling his tongue wetly around the swollen head. “You taste delectable Will,” he said softly. Will wove his fingers into Hannibal's hair, gripping it tight enough to pull a little and guided his mouth back to his cock. Hannibal obediently opened his mouth wide and sank his mouth on Will's member, swallowing him halfway.

He hollowed out his cheeks sucking wetly and letting drool coat the inches he could not take into his mouth. Will urged his head down with a moan, insistent but not forcing him, Hannibal took another inch. He wrapped his hand around the base of Will's cock, massaging the inches he could not swallow, smirking around him as he felt Will grow harder in his wet heat. Hannibal bobbed his head up and down, his moans sending vibrations along Will’s member.

Will felt the stirrings of a second orgasm start to build and with great reluctance he pulled Hannibal’s head away, not wanting to come unless it was inside his ass. Hannibal crawled up to Will's face, kissing him deeply and sharing the salty taste of his flesh. He felt dampened fingers teasing at his tight ring and shuffled his knees apart, giving Will easier access to the warm hole.

With his legs spread open, Will was able to slip one finger in without resistance, Hannibal's warm crevice clenching around him. Will free hand tightened in Hannibal's hair as he carefully opened him up, revelling in the increased moans tumbling from his lips to tickle Will's neck. A second finger was added quickly as they both grew impatient and needy. Will twisted his wrist and scissored his fingers until every breath was broken up with a low guttural moan. “I'm ready, beloved,” Hannibal said, voice thick with emotion. “Please.”

Hannibal sat up and grabbed a condom, playfully shoving Will onto his back when he tried to follow. His grin was predatory as he wrapped Will's dick in latex and drenched it in sticky gel. When Will moved to grab Hannibal’s waist his wrists were grabbed and forced to the pillow either side of his head. “Of course you're a power bottom,” he said with a fond smile. Hannibal slowly released Will's wrists, smiling when Will kept them in place.

Hannibal shifted to position himself over Will’s leaking erection, gripping him tightly and sinking down until Will was completely buried inside him. He moaned sweetly, gazing down at Will with soft tenderness. He placed his hands on Will's pecs and began to rock back and forth on his length, eyes falling shut in pleasure. His thumbs slid over Will's sensitive nipples, making his gasp in pleasure as they grew hard.

Hannibal slid his hands over Will's slick skin, lacing his fingers with Wills. He teased Will's lips with his own before moving down to mouth at his pink nipples. He took Will's right nipple into his mouth, roughly sucking until it was flushed red and even more sensitive. He took Will by surprise by suddenly biting down on the tough nub, not hard enough to break the skin but hard enough to make Will cry out brokenly. “Fuck Hannibal,” he groaned, rolling his hips upwards and thrusting deep into Hannibal.

His eyes fluttered open to meet Will's gaze, his deep red eyes glazed with pleasure. “Incredible,” he whispered, capturing Will's lips in a passionate kiss.

He broke away to sit up straight, arching his back and bouncing on Will's dick, gasping for breath, moans loud and musical. He planted one hand over Will's hammering heart, the other wrapping around his own dick as he began to pump himself firmly.

Will was struck dumb for a moment by the sight above him. “You're gorgeous,” he whispered softly, bringing a hand to where Hannibal's was pressed against him. Hannibal met his gleaming eyes, gasping when Will rolled his hips under him.

Will matched Hannibal’s rough pace, watching him in adoration as he rode Will hard, chasing his pleasure. Will planted his feet flat on the bed, snapping his hips upwards, enjoying the expressions fluttering across Hannibal's face.

He could see Hannibal growing closer to his peak, his movements growing more jerky and less fluid. His body suddenly squeezed around Will, milking his dick as his seed splattered over Will's stomach. The tight clench of his ass pushed Will over the edge into an endless plummet of pleasure, the room and Hannibal floating in and out of focus. Hannibal shifted and hissed when Will's softening penis slid from him. With a filthy smirk, he dragged two fingers through the white mess smeared over Will's torso and fed Will his fingers, humming darkly as Will lapped his fingers clean eagerly.

Hannibal moved so he lay next to Will, dropping soft kisses on his shoulder as Will removed the condom. “I'll be back in a moment, darling,” he said softly, disappearing into the attached bathroom and returning a moment later with a damp towel. He carefully cleaned Will's stomach, before drawing back to stare at him.

Hannibal had not been gentle with him and he was mildly surprised that there was not a single bruise decorating his pale skin. He looked beautiful, breathing heavily and flushed with pleasure and Hannibal felt an irresistible need to mark him. He moved in close and wrapped his arms around Will, pressing his lips to his throat. Will moaned sweetly and when Hannibal tangled his fingers in Will's sweat drenched curls he allowed his head to be tilted to expose the full length of his throat.

Hannibal roughly sucked the spot below his strong pulse, encouraging the blood to the surface. Hannibal nipped at the reddened flesh with his teeth, slowly turning the flesh from red to purple as his hands stroked over Will's torso lovingly. He pressed a soft kiss to the dark mark, petting Wills curls.

Hannibal caressed the angles of Will's face, his chapped lips and strong jaw. He dragged his fingers down his throat and along Will’s arms, carefully massaging his palm and individual fingers with care. Hannibal rubbed Will's shoulders as he moved over to the other arm, smoothing his hand over every inch of warm slippery skin.

Sweat was drying cool on Will's body and he hummed in contentment as Hannibal rubbed the skin of his torso, memorising every scar and dip of muscle. He continued leaving his fingerprints on every inch of Will's naked body, an invisible claim to match the branding on his neck.

Will hissed when Hannibal's fingers brushed the length of his penis, now far too sensitive. He smiled softly and continued exploring Will's body, marvelling at the strength in his legs. He sat crossed legged next to Will and drew his feet into his lap, firmly massaging them with strong calloused fingers.

Will moaned gently and stretched out his body, basking in Hannibal's attention as he was guided to lay on his front. Hannibal's hands roamed over the back of Will's legs, moving up to squeeze his plump ass cheeks, parting them to blow cool breath over his puffy used hole. He gave each cheek a firm swat before moving his splayed hands over the broad, strong plane of Will's back, enjoying the warmth of his skin and the soft pleased sounds of enjoyment. He

lay down, covering Will's body and sucking at the mark on his neck before shifting to the side.

They lay side by side, both tired but neither moving to turn off the light, just touching and kissing lazily. Will brought Hannibal's hand to his lips, kissing along each finger and leaving wet open kisses on his palm. His lips travelled up Hannibal arms, tracing the bulge of his bicep with his tongue and shifting to taste Hannibal's shoulders and neck, playfully nipping at the tanned skin.

He straddled Hannibal's body and raised his other arm to give it the same attention. He squirmed down Hannibal's body, leaving kisses all the way. When he was hovering over Hannibal’s dick he looked up at him with a cheeky smirk. He let out a long warm breath, satisfied when he saw Hannibal's member stir in response to the light stimulation.

He moved on to taste Hannibal's long legs, enjoying the soft skin of his inner thighs. After several long minutes lapping at the curve of his ankles he tapped Hannibal's waist, urging him to move onto his stomach, head resting on his folded arms.

Will's lips moved up his legs, passing his ass without so much as a touch, before licking the length of his spine. He covered Hannibal's back in kisses, pecks and open mouth smooches, tasting all of his exposed flesh.

Will moved down to Hannibal's ass, kissing the cheeks and sinking his teeth into the flesh of his left cheek leaving a circle of teeth marks. Hannibal let out a high pitched whine as he felt his reluctant dick harden despite his exhaustion. He couldn’t help rubbing himself against the mattress when he felt Will's erection pressed against his thigh.

Will dug his fingertips into the soft flesh of Hannibal's ass cheeks and spread them apart. He admired Hannibal's hole, red and swollen from use, he drew back and spat directly on his hole, grinning at Hannibal's answering moan. He repeated the action twice before lapping his tongue over the hole with a dirty groan. He circled the fluttering muscles with the tongue, soaking the puckered skin surrounding his entrance. He poked at the hole with the pointed tip, never quite entering, teasing him mercilessly. Hannibal groaned and weakly pushed his ass up towards Will's mouth.

Will tightened his grip, knowing he would leave dark purple bruises and loving it. He plunged his tongue inside, moaning at how tight his passage felt around his tongue. He licked at the sensitive flesh inside, enjoying the way Hannibal quivered and moaned. Hannibal was openly thrusting against the sheets, hands tightened in the pillow, body torn between pleasure and pain.

Will brought a hand around to spread beads of precum along Hannibal's shaft, pumping his shaft mercilessly as he whined in over stimulation but bucked his hips in response. Will ground his cock against Hannibal’s strong thigh, moaning against his asshole. “William,” Hannibal moaned hoarsely. Will made a noise of annoyance and bit Hannibal's cheek again, making his disapproval clear.

The sharp shot of pain pushed Hannibal over the edge and with a pained cry he came with a small spurt of seamen dribbling from his tip. Will lapped over his hole a few more times and crawled up his body, burying his face between Hannibal's shoulder blades. The wet tip of his erection was nestled between Hannibal's bruised ass cheeks as he drove himself to orgasm, penis flushed and sore but rock hard. He came with a breathless gasp, spurting his release onto Hannibal's back. He fed a few drops into Hannibal's open mouth before reaching for the discarded towel and wiping the both clean.

He curled up next to Hannibal, shuffling under his arm and yawning. Hannibal smiled and tugged him closer drawing the blanket over him. “Sleep now?” Will murmured, the sky outside turning from inky black to dark grey.

Hannibal nodded his agreement and dragged himself from the bed to turn off the light, returning to wrap himself around Will who was already asleep. Hannibal followed soon afterwards.

The sun rose a couple of hours later, falling over Hannibal’s eyes. He blinked his eyes open, inhaling Will's scent deeply. He got up to draw the heavy curtains before Will was disturbed and crept downstairs with Matt's business card.

He retrieved his rolodex of potential victims from its place next to his recipe box and flipped to an empty place. He paused then. Had the man really done anything so wrong? He had held Will's hand, intended to kiss him and Hannibal hated him for that. But he had also accepted that Will was spoken for with grace and at no point had he behaved inappropriately. The jolt

of intense jealousy had been what spurred Hannibal into claiming his Will. For that he was grateful.

Maybe the man did not deserve death. He placed the rolodex back in its place and added Matt's card to his normal address book. He had recently encountered a ballet dancer who was recovering from a back injury. He would sadly never dance again but he had a bright future as a choreographer. Hannibal decided to pass on the card, a discreet thank you.

He yawned deeply. He was still exhausted after only two hours of sleep so he dragged himself back to bed.

Will stirred slightly when he returned. “What time is it?” He asked.

“Still very early, go back to sleep,” he whispered softly.

“Can I stay for breakfast?”

“You can stay forever,” he answered, burying his nose in Will's fluffy curls. Will made a sleepy noise of agreement and fell back to sleep. Hannibal tucked Will's body into his, indulging in Will's warmth and scent.

He'd make him pancakes for breakfast, along with thick cuts of bacon taken from a horrid little homewrecker who had targeted the wrong couple. Hannibal intervened in a moment of benevolence and harvested the meat from her thighs, a fitting end for the selfish pig.

He would not share his secret with Will just yet, but soon. Until then he would enjoy watching Will feast on the fruits of his labour.

End Notes

I'm happy, are you happy? Also are any of you in the North East of England, I am lonely.

You all know my original works are available for Amazon Kindle. Eliza Elgy for short stories and Lishiva Dee for the smut (a couple are Hannibal inspired).

As always kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!